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THE CARMELITE

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ON PAPER WINGS

by... FREDERICK O'BRIEN

Sometimes when Reno's divorce mill intrudes on my mental film, I go to a house or two away from mine, and see an old friend who is slowly merging into that obscurity we call death. I observe his wife, old, worn; decades of work, suffering and happiness, by his side. He rests like a ship becalmed on a windless sea. She hovers nearby. She knows, fears, but curtains the future with her all ministering love.

Gangsters would not last a week in any big country but ours. They bribe our drys, courts, cops, officials, press. They cost us ten billion a year, with prohibition.

Rotarians, six thousand, meet in San Francisco next year. Maybe, by then, they will have a new idea.

The fundamental financial trouble in England, Germany, France, in all Europe (and in America), is finance, business. Here it is in a nutshell: Money assumes man is made for business. He is not. He is made to live. In England and in Germany, and in America, the bankers have thought only of profits, dividends; manufacturers, too. Once man existed only for his fuedal lord. That ended. Within a generation or two, the steel trusts, railroads, factories, banks, etc. which discharge employees, and still are not bankrupt, will be impossible. Great Britain and Germany will go Red or Fascist because money refuses to realize the facts. And, in Red or Fascist rule, money will be ruined. Capitalism, as is, is expiring, moribund. The financiers can't even smell the decay.

Deacon Deets Pickett's dry research meetings are becoming more crowded weekly by earnest drys. The truth is that the wet campaign is getting stronger; is alarming the probishnists, who gather to mourn and plan.

The *White* Russians in America, Europe and China are pathetic; without possible goal, and without talent. They are like the French monarchists; the Tories of *our* revolution of '76. What's past is prologue to today.

continued on page six

DR. ALBERT W. HERRE Stanford University scientist, will lecture on the Philippines at Sunset School auditorium tonight (Thursday) under auspices of the P.-T. A.

UNEMPLOYMENT BENEFIT AT MANZANITA CLUB

Officers of the Manzanita Club, (Thos. Phillips, president) have arranged a Washington Bi-Centennial card party for next Thursday evening, March third, with proceeds to go to the Carmel Employment Commission. It is hoped to sell one thousand tickets at fifty cents each.

ENGINEERING SURVEY OF STREET PROJECT

Cozzens and Davies, Salinas engineers, have quoted a tentative fee of three hundred dollars for a survey and review of the Carmel street project, preliminary to determining assessments.

It is understood that the Council intends to proceed with the survey at an early date.

CARMEL DRUG STORE
ON OCEAN AVENUE, NEXT TO THE BANK OF CARMEL
We Invite You to Compare Our Prices With Any on the Peninsula
FREE DELIVERY ANYWHERE
PHONE 10
PHONE 10

Carmel News

KITE FESTIVAL COMPLETE EXCEPT FOR WIND

Mission Mesa, at the entrance to Carmel Valley, presented a colorful spectacle Monday afternoon when the second annual kite flying festival, organized by the Rev. Willis White, was staged—or nearly so. The elements, however, refused to stir up enough wind to have the high flying contest and the event was postponed until Saturday afternoon.

Prizes were awarded for construction and for appearance, the judges for the first classification being: Hugh Comstock, chairman; D. W. Swift, George Reamer, and W. W. Wheeler; the second: Hazel Watrous, chairman; Mrs. Edgar Hamilton, Dr. Wilson Davidson, James Hopper and George Seideneck. Prizes were awarded in two classifications for four grades of ages. The winners:

Children from first to fourth grade:
Gerald Ray and Jerry Neickirk.
Maya Maumota, oddest kite.
Children from fifth to eighth grade:
Rosemarie Mora, best looking kite.
Edgar Leslie, best construction.
High School:
Clifford Le Neve, best construction.
Dexter Whitcomb, best looking.
Adults:
P. M. Reloque, best construction.
Elpidio Regno, best looking
These prizes were five-dollar gold pieces. A prize of one cent for the smallest kite went to Ernestine Renzel and Frederick Search. They are dividing the prize.

"THE MIRACLE MAN" IN TOWN

Norman McLeod, director, Chester Morris, Hobart Bosworth, Sylvia Sidney and a crew of assistants were on the Peninsula over the week-end to put the finishing touches to "The Miracle Man," with scenes taken at Cypress Point.

Preliminary work on the Peninsula scenes was done several weeks ago with aid of locally recruited "doubles" for the principals.

CITY COURT

L. M. Rhodes of Monterey was arraigned in Judge R. H. Hoagland's court Tuesday afternoon on a warrant obtained by the Humane Society charging cruelty to animals. The trial was set for Monday at two o'clock.

This charge followed a conviction for reckless driving. It is alleged that Mr. Rhodes wilfully ran over a dog belonging to Frederick Preston Search, fatally injuring the animal.

EMPLOYMENT COMMISSION: IT WORKS AND ITS NEWS

The Carmel Employment Commission met on Monday evening last to discuss the very immediate problem confronting them—that of finding money enough to tide them over the ensuing difficult weeks.

With fifty men, most of them with dependents and all of them residents of Carmel, in the registration list, the money so generously given by Carmel residents, the Community Chest and the Red Cross running periously low, the Commission is faced with the question as to how to carry on this necessary program of giving employment, without imposing too greatly upon Carmel's generosity.

The need is very great and it is a problem that must be solved by us as a community. The Commission is merely the agency through which your money may go to those whose need is the greatest. Carmel has thus far, through its individual donations and support of various money making projects, made it possible for us to meet the situation, if not in its entirety, at least with gratifying results but the list of those needing help is not diminishing and the funds are.

If there are those who can help materially either by donations of money or by creating work, we as a community will have the satisfying realization that this most serious, most imminent problem has been adequately met. It is a serious situation and no one can feel an indifference (which happily, no one pretends to feel) in its solution.

The foregoing statement is signed by:
Reverend Austin B. Chinn,
All Saints Church, President
Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger,
Carmel Woman's Club, Vice Pres.
Mrs. Howard Hatton,
Carmel P.-T. A., Secreatry
Reverend T. Harold Grimshaw,
Community Church, Treasurer
Mrs. John Nye,
Wimodausis Club
Mrs. R. J. Hart, Young Matrons Guild
of Community Church
Mrs. Karl Ohnesorg,
Carmel Red Cross
Miss Clara Kellogg,
Carmel City Council
Mr. Robert Parrott,
Business Association
Mr. T. Phillips,
Manzanita Club
Mr. Edward Taylor,
Masonic Club
Mrs. Ann Hayford
Dr. Amelia Gates,
Community Chest

The Reno Divorce Mill

By MYRTOKLEIA CHILDE

Judge George A Bartlett, of Reno, sat in the lobby of La Playa Hotel and told me his views—of marriage, love, separation—evolved from eleven years on the bench of the divorce capital of the world. A spry, gallant little figure, the Judge endears himself to one at first sight. His daughter, Dorothy, who is with him here in Carmel says herself that he is best father she ever had.

"I have lived in Reno most of my life," said the Judge, "although I went over to San Francisco in order to be born, I returned to Reno immediately. You will find that I'm a heterogeneous conglomeration of incongruities. A 'dyed in the wool'Democrat, I voted for Hoover and if Al Smith runs again I will again vote for Hoover, providing he runs. Born and raised a Catholic, I received a degree at Georgetown Law University; I am a thirty-second degree Mason now, and perhaps I won't go to heaven if I die."

Judge Bartlett served two years in Congress; didn't care to run again and has enjoyed being a judge. Divorce is not his sole concern on the bench—he has handed down decisions on several of the more important water and mining cases in Nevada. Two years ago he published a book, "Men, Women and Conflict" which was put out by Putnam. Speaking of Reno he said:

"Divorce has not brought influences into Reno conducive to the lowering of the moral tone. Most of the people who come there are highly cultivated and we profit by them; the sensationalist doesn't worry us, they are food for the reporters who are always looking for front page copy. As a matter of fact, Nevada by reason of its very liberal law, attracts the very interesting and courageous people from all sections of the world who find this world impossible because of the narrowness and bigotry and arm-chair sophistry of preconceived communities to afford them a remedy for matrimonial mistakes. Marriage is nothing but a legal contract; it is justified only on happiness; no happiness, no union. There is no reason and justice in any law, religious or legislative, that insists on misery."

Speaking of alimony, Judge Bartlett firmly stated that he had no patience with it. "It should only be given if found necessary in a particular case for a reasonable time to enable the person to learn a vocation in order to maintain herself. Where there is community property it should be fairly divided. Suits for alienation of affection are asinine; love belongs to him who has it to give. The one who claims money for its loss is suing for something he or she does not own and therefore is not entitled to so-called 'damages.' Besides which there is absolutely no way to measure its value as you can a ton of hay or a cake of soap."

Somehow the subject turned to various laws and in particular to the prohibition law. The Judge was very decisive in his views on this form of legislation; he said: "Intemperate restriction encourages intemperance and violation of all laws from which the whole country is suffering today, as is amply evidenced by the tremendous increase in our criminal records."

Judge Bartlett is an aviation enthusiast. He is governor for Nevada of the National Aeronautic Association; does most of his traveling in the air. He said: "It is my only enthusiasm except that of interest in humans, principally women, with whom I like to talk, but you might say," he added whimsically as he exhibited a large rusty nail upon which had grown a fine bit of patine, "that my favorite pastime is picking up rusty nails. I may want to build something some day and I have a wonderful collection."

"Why did I come to Carmel? I have been a frequent visitor for a number of years. There is a distinctive charm in the people, they are more natural and less constrained to bow to the narrowism of recognized conventionalities."

ANOTHER SIDE OF RENO

"Everything you pick up in the newspapers and magazines about Reno features the sordid side; there is a delightful—charming side." So says Florence Frances Curtin, a Carmel resident for several months who has decided to spend her winters here indefinitely and her summers at Monte Cristo Ranch, thirty-five miles north of Reno.

"Bud" and "Ike" Blundell who have run the cattle and horse ranch since they were knee-high, are in charge. Three years ago Mrs. Bud Blundell added to their establishment the "dude ranch" feature. Horse-back riding swimming, hiking, picnicing and other wholesome sports are the daily fare. Three miles north of the ranch is Pyramid Lake, whose blue, pellucid waters are bordered by a government reservation, the home of Piute Indians.

Several local people have enjoyed the the hospitality of the ranch. Ferdinand Burgdorff, Pebble Beach artist, has spent much time sketching in the vicinity of the ranch. Kit Wilkinson, now an instructor at the Rancho Carmelo School, was for many months at the Monte Cristo.

GOLF

F. Stanislaus (Bill) Heron won the Washington's Birthday golf tournament at Pebble Beach for the second consecutive year. Last week he won the Freshman flight of inter-collegiate golf, thus another a cup to his collection.

CARMEL WOMAN'S CLUB

The garden Section will meet with Mrs. R. G. Brooks, Lincoln and Ninth, next Thursday morning at ten o'clock. Book section, Girl Scout House next Wednesday morning at ten.

POLO

POLO

ATTEND EVERY GAME OF THE
PACIFIC COAST OPEN
POLO CHAMPIONSHIP

BEGINNING NEXT SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 28TH AND CONTINUING TO MARCH 12TH

NOTED INTERNATIONAL PLAYERS

Teams include Midwick, Santa Barbara, Del Monte Rangers, Castro Valley and Cypress Point

Games Called at 2:30 P. M.
Admission — $1.00

SUNDAY
Cypress Point *vs.* Hurricanes

DANCE

DANCE

IN THE
BALI ROOM
AT
DEL MONTE
SATURDAY
NIGHT AND
EVERY EVENING THEREAFTER EXCEPT SUNDAY

BRIG.-GEN. W. S. SCHUYLER

A varied and distinguished military career came to a close last Thursday when Brigadier-General Walter Scribner Schuyler (retired) died at Letterman Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, in his eighty-second year. General Schuyler completed his active service nineteen years ago; for the past ten years he and Mrs. Schuyler made Carmel their home.

General Schuyler was born in Ithaca, New York in 1850; and graduated from West Point at the age of twenty. His first assignment was to the Fifth Calvary; he served through the various grades and was promoted Brigadier-General in 1911.

During the intervening years he had served in the Indian campaigns (1871-79); was on teaching duty as professor of military science at Cornell (1883-86); served in Porta Rica, Cuba and the Philippines during and following the Spanish-American War; went as military observer with the Russian army in Manchuria, (1904) commanded the Hawaiian district for two years and held various home commands including the Department of California prior to his retirement in 1913 at the age of sixty-three.

Full military honors were accorded at funeral services in San Francisco, with interment to follow in the National Cemetery at Arlington.

WASHINGTON BI-CENTENNIAL CARD PARTY

WHIST BRIDGE

MANZANITA CLUB
MARCH 3, 1932

PRIZES REFRESHMENTS

BENEFIT OF THE CARMEL EMPLOYMENT COMMISSION

Tickets Fifty Cents

"THE DRUNKARD"

The old family album was spread out at Denny-Watrous Gallery four evenings over the holiday week-end, when Galt Bell presented his revival of a Barnum melodrama, "The Drunkard." Like a succession of retouched tin-types the woeful tale wended its way to a happy conclusion. The cast played it straight; the audience provided the burlesque. Which was as it should have been.

During the amusing unfolding of the early Victorian tragedy and pathos—there was not a dull moment throughout the entire action of five acts and fifteen scenes—the audience co-operated with hisses, boos, and applause in the approved fashion of spectators from fifty to seventy-five years ago.

Ruth Marion Poor, looking like Little Eva grown up, was especially fine in in her portrayal of the hapless Mary. Samuel Ethredge played a vari-changing character going from respectability to drunkenness and back again to a redeeme-ed man with facility and talent. The villian, Squire Cribbs as portrayed by Edwin MacDonald was overdrawn to just the right degree. Charles O'Neal gave an excellent characterization of "Honest William," a bucolic treasure of integrity.

Connie Shuman, in her first Carmel stage appearance, did a rare piece of acting as a demented girl. Jack Steward, Sr., was righteously stilted as the philanthropist; Charles McGrath, Preston Shobe and Fritz Wurzman did first-rate character bits. Little Sally Haller as the child lisping "Father dear father" shows great promise as a future actress. Alice Brainerd set the keynote of the play, which was maintained throughout.

* * *

Primarily "The Drunkard" was a director's triumph: To Galt Bell full credit for masterly handling of a touch-and-go piece. Sensitive restraint was needed—and at that Galt Bell excels.

DENNY WATROUS GALLERY
OPPOSITE P. O. CARMEL

"THEATRE MECHANIQUE"

FROM SIXTEEN WEEKS IN HOLLYWOOD AND PASADENA COMMUNITY PLAYHOUSE

ONE NIGHT ONLY
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27 AT 8:30 50 AND 75 CENTS

"THE DRUNKARD" AGAIN

Responding to requests, Galt Bell and the Denny-Watrous Gallery have arranged repeat performances of "The Drunkard" for the week-end of March nineteenth. Initial performances were outstandingly successful, calling for an extra show Monday night.

NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT COMING TO CARMEL

"Theatre Mechanique," described as "the newest form of entertainment," will be presented at the Denny-Watrous Gallery for one performance of "The King's Romance," next Saturday evening. The Carmel showing will be followed by an extended stay at the Travers Theatre in the Fairmont Hotel, San Francisco.

Arrangements are now being made to take this smallest theatre in the world to Mexico City for the summer. It will also be exhibited at the World Fair in Chicago in 1933 where there is being held a puppet congress from all over the world. Theatre Mechanique is not a puppet show, but will be on exhibition as the only theatre of its kind.

The main feature of "The King's Romance" are the scenic and lighting effects. This play is in three acts and seven scenes. There are forty figures used to unfold the story with recorded voices of a cast from the Pasadena Community Playhouse headed by Harrison Ford. It took five months to build; if life-size it would take seven baggage cars to transport, but being in miniature it takes fifteen crates and weighs over a ton. It requires eight hours to set up for a performance.

Children enjoy this production; lovers of opera and concert goers find in it a fantasy of beauty.

DATES RESERVED

The evenings of April twenty-second and twenty-third have been fixed as dates for the second Benefit Night to be staged in aid of the Carmel Employment Fund.

ALLIANCE FRANCAISE

The Alliance Francaise met last Thursday at the home of Mrs. H. J. Morse in Hatton Fields. Readings and recitations were given by Mme. Pirenne, and Mrs. George Vye. Plans for increasing the membership were discussed; the association hopes to number fifty members from the Peninsula.

The Alliance Francaise will hold a French Peasants Masked Ball on Saturday, April second. The next regular meeting will be held on Friday, March fourth, at three o'clock, at the home of Mrs. Roberta Balfour.

Bridging the Pacific Gap as a Public Service

A functioning group of communication experts banded together for public service without pay is news. Such an organization is the Trans-Pacific Traffic Association, of which Colonel Clair Foster of Carmel is a member. The purposes of the association are set forth in the following statement by the secretary, Henry Engwicht, San Jose:

The Trans-Pacific Traffic Association comprises a group of radio amateurs on both sides of the Pacific Ocean who are engaged in transmitting messages for the public free of charge.

There are many thousands of Americans in the Orient—Army, Navy, Marine Corps and civilian—who must be kept in contact with their families and friends in America and elsewhere. Few of these people have the means for paying the message tolls required by the commercial radio and cable companies. Members of the Trans-Pacific Traffic Association have for several years been conducting this traffic as a free service, handling as many as 3,000 messages a month. That this service is valued is attested by thousands of letters on file expressing the gratitude of the people served.

Besides in the nature of the free service performed the Trans-Pacific Traffic Association is unique in other ways. While it is organized and is functioning with a high degree of satisfaction it is in no way hampered by the usual burdens of organization. There are no officers, other than a secretary; there is no constitution; there are no by-laws; there are no yearly dues; there are no regulations, except such as have been adopted by the common consent of intelligent men engaged in a common calling and actuated only by a common purpose.

Membership in the Association is limited. There is neither effort nor wish to have and to advertise a large membership roll. The aim is solely to maintain an efficient service on the part of considerate and competent operators who own stations that can be relied upon to be heard consistently across the Pacific.

The keystone of the Radio Act is the demand that a station in order to justify its right to use the air must be operated "for public interest, convenience or necessity." Stations owned and operated solely at the expense of amateurs that transmit radiograms free of charge are—of all the stations on the air—conforming the most truly with the law.

You are cordially invited to an "Open House" at the Telephone Central Office

Tuesday to Thursday, March 1st to 3rd

1 p.m. to 9 p.m.

You will be interested to see how calls are handled—what kind of apparatus is "behind the scenes" to link voice with voice near and far.

Every man and woman in our organization is interested in improving your service.

Every added telephone in the community increases the scope and value of your telephone to you.

Telephone growth is a community asset.

Visit our "Open House"—it's well worth while.

R. P. SEXTON, *Manager*

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

THE CARMELITE
J. A. COUGHLIN ——— *Editor and Publisher*
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****The views expressed in signed contributions should be taken as those of the individual writers, not necessarily endorsed by the Editor.*

FREDERICK O'BRIEN

from page one

The New York police say there are a hundred and fifty thousand guns in the pockets of New York City men who might use them, murderously. The arms trust sells these weapons, maintains a lobby to prevent laws against their free sale, votes the Republican ticket, and hands over big sums for political campaigns. On a gigantic scale, the arms trusts all over the world, support war preparations, foment international strife. A fat chance under our capitalism to change that.

———

"Good-bye to Western Culture," by Norman Douglas, celebrated author of "South Wind," is a tedious, non-integrated, holler about Europe, as compared with the delights of India and the East. It is a dull grouse against present civilization by a professional grouch, an unsocial Englishman, who wants slaves, harem-type women, and, a subservient yokelry. In it, is not a rushlight for the future.

———

These United States will be co-operative or communistic. Individualism in economics, *laissez faire* in trade, Fordism, are passing, because they have failed. Government will be syndicalistic or sovietistic; which have nothing to do with bolshevism. Now, don't say that I predicted Russian bolshevism in our country. There will be no dictator here; no rule of the proletariat.

———

Helen Rowland, a syndicate, says any woman over forty who wears a sleeveless gown looks either beefy or pathetic. Arms and the woman!

———

Few lawyers are intellectually awake. Their very schooling, competition professionally, seems to dull their curiosity about life, in general. They have become like the Buddhist priests I met in parts of the Orient—reciters of a rote, followers of a rite, and receivers of a tax on ignorance.

As says Barney Oldfield, autos have too much speed for America's narrow roads. Ford believes all main roads should be a hundred feet broad. What does a seventy-mile engine lead to but trouble?

———

The president of the Julius Rosenwald fund, in a new book, says that twelve millions of Americans (hundred per centers) are of a novel race, forming in this country,—the *Browns*. Half the twelve million negroes of America have white blood. In six generations, or say, ten, all Americans, practically, will be negroid; about two hundred millions of people. And maybe a far saner, happier mass than the present. The South today is largely negroid. A million, perhaps millions, who claim to be lily-white, have black blood. Lynchers, ahoy!

———

Appendix, once a bookish word, has degraded to mean a little, wormshaped, good-for-nothing catchall in our bodies. We don't even say vermiform any more. Words like water seek their lowest level.

———

Ford orders every married employee, of one of his factories, to cultivate a vegetable patch. Ford is the old-time master of the forge, who treated his men like children or fools. He will go down in history as a lopsided brain, an egoist of ignorance, with an uncanny sense of machines, and of salesmanship. He will be as forgotten as Singer, the sewing machine inventor-marketer, who is only remembered when some descendant makes an ass of himself.

———

Connecticut's United States Senator Hiram Bingham is a wet. His grandfather was the first missionary to Hawaii. He was also a wet, as were all preachers and missionaries until recently. Liquor brought it own financial ruin by its indecency. The worst is that it yet rules by gansterism, corruption.

———

In Chicago a doctor answering night calls was held up six times in a couple of weeks. Not only ordinary holdup men are after doctors, but dope fiends with a yen seek to frisk them.

———

It will seem absurd to our children that Uncle Sam and his feelers, state, city, etc. should not provide employment for every American who wants it, as today it seems absurd to the rich that they should. When I first rode an airplane, no rich man would get in one. Only Hearst took a chance, and bankers thought he was crazy.

The wild turkey, not the baldheaded eagle, should be the national bird.

———

Police in national convention denounce gangster pictures. Police themselves are usually gangsters; it is the devil raising hell with the overbusy firemen.

———

Under the pressure of shrinking funds, the innumerable peculations by bankers, cashiers, clerks, politicians, financiers, usually hidden, become known. Some steal a few hundreds or thousands, some millions. The latter, the big thieves, never receive the long sentences of the former, the lesser thieves. Lawyers, a hope of partial recovery, and sheer admiration for the size of big crooks, affect courts, the losers, insurance companies.

———

Kansas will go populistic this summer.

———

Chester Rowell, a millionaire, conservative colyumist, dreads that the United States will fail to take example by Russia and plan its industries. He fears, believes in, Russian success, economically.

———

The Probishun boss in Washington has ordered all dryers (spyers), to cease drinking the booze they capture. He cannot enforce that rule without losing most of his force. The probishun service is a paradise for fellows who like good liquor, graft and gay girls. Dry coppery lets all the wicked passions have safe outlet: Thirst, easy money, blackjack and gun play, travel, free food, and, not least, caresses by *force majeure*. It's like the olden days of feudalism, when errant wights trolled the jolly, brown bowl, chucked the maids under the chin, cudgeled the churls, seized the treasure; and were praised by the lord of the manor, and finally knighted by the king. That last, nowadays, means means to be handed over rich pickings in a tenderloin district. Every day, in every way, the experiment grows robber and robber.

———

"Whoopee" is translated by Boris Pilnyak, Russian novelist imported by Hearst, to be "a cry of a rejoicing soul." It was in Boris' honor that the New York dinner was given at which Dreiser slapped the Nobel prize winner, Sinclair Lewis. Pilnyak must have gotten his idea from Red Lewis, for no observer, even a Bolshevik, could imagine Dreiser soul-rejoicing, or whoopeeing. He is in Reno, plotting some devilment against a good time.

———

Radio symphonies are best, says Damrosch. We believe usually what we are paid to believe.

THE MISCREANTS

—who gather now and then to discuss various things and affairs. Whose sign of distress is "That's good."

Chronicled by FRANK SHERIDAN

"If we believed what we read in papers, magazines, and other junk shops, the country is infested with, one would think the working masses were ready to tear the financial classes limb from torso and feed the unsanctified remains to the raging flames of burning banks, mansions, golf-clubs and other establishments denoting wealth." The Idler, preparing a tantalizing baccardi concoction, opened the weekly session with this comment upon the times.

"How do you know that the time isn't ripe for the great unwashed to rise up and take a vicious wallop at the ungodly rich like you?" The Author asked. "It's near time that something was done to throttle the financial oligarchy that is ruling our country and damn rapidly ruining it.

"But I agree with you on one thing," he went on, "that the stuff in the magazines today is punk."

"I read one of yours in some 'pulp' magazine lately and I'll support your statement to the last ditch," The Idler observed.

"Well, I've got to live, haven't I. And if they want two-bit stories I'll give it to them. I'll be the bright little F. W. Woolworth of the Carmel tribe of fictionists and sell at five and ten and give them that price value. The 'pulp' fellows are the only ones who are buying anyway."

"By the same token then," The Idler said; "there ought to be enough starving authors around town to start a red-hot revolution . Why, if old Lee Christmas were alive and had Carmel's authors to follow him, he'd start a revolution in a minute."

"Yes," The Captain said; "all that Lee needed to begin his favorite sport down in Central America was one drunk, a box of cartridges, a couple of Spiggoties as a political excuse, and Captain Patrick O'Hay in the offing. A great old bird was Christmas, they don't make many like him; no, nor like Pat either. The last I heard of The O'Hay he was living quietly down in Taos, that old trading post in New Mexico; raising horses or something."

"Well, who cares about O'Hay or what he's raising when the bankers are raising hell with the country," burst from The Author. "They get Congress to give them two billion so they can loan it out at seven per cent. to us poor devils—I don't include the unholy rich over there," pointing to The Idler—"I mean we unfortunates who have to mortgage our homes."

"You don't mean to say you had to put a plaster on yours," and The Idler sat up quickly.

"No, I haven't, not yet but—"

"A plutocrat, boys, a plutocrat; he has no mortgage on his house," The Idler threw his arms around him. "Welcome to my pet group of Oligarchs dear boy."

"Oh! go to hell," and The Author turned away in disgust.

The Judge chuckled as he said; "That remark about authors starting a revlution is not as laughable as it sounds, for it was an author who saved the American Revolution from going to smash and his inspiring words started the flame burning anew. Our nation owes a great debt to Tom Paine, whose only reward was to be crucified on the cross of religious bigotry."

"It was three authors who made the French Revolution: Montesquien, Diderot and Rousseau."

"It takes a long time to make a revolution, my boy," continued The Judge, "and they can only be made by those who *think* and write."

"The French Revolution began not when most histories tell us, but back in 1748 when Moutesquien published his 'The Spirit of Laws,' not much of a book of knowledge by today's standards, but at that time it answered political questions that had to be answered. And Diderot, the leader of the band of men, one of whom was Voltaire, who wrote the 'Encyclopedia,' answered in that work of many volumes more questions the government tried to evade.

"Then Rousseau, with ancient Sparta as a model, proceeded, bit by bit, to batter down the old order of things with his 'Social Contract.'

"These three men gave questions to be answered in their answer to the questions of the day—and after forty years of pregnancy the child was born. Not a blow was struck, not a shot was fired." "Why Judge," The Captain exclaimed, the Bastille was a slaughter-house."

"I was not speaking of the Bastille; that was a month later than the day when Abbe Sieyes, a priest, proposed that *The Commons,* of which he was a member, 'constitute themselves *The National Assembly,*" and *"that no taxes be valid in the future without their consent.'* It was carried by a tremendous majority. Sieyes, not Mirabeau, was the 'Father' of the French Revolution. The mother sprang from the brains of three authors. But out of the Revolution was born a giant, George Jacques Danton; a King's Councellor who unmade the King; the Sir Harry Vane of France. A man whom Carlyle styled the *Atlas* of the Revolution."

"If I remember my history Judge, Danton was an illiterate country lout who made himself a leader by ruthlessness?" The Author half questioned.

"That picture of him obtained currency through the medium of Madame Roland, of whom much ill could be told. Danton was twice offered the office of Secretary of the Seals, a position that required more knowledge than merely the three R's. He was a French lawyer who could both speak and read English and Italian; that doesn't quite fit in with illiteracy.

"There is a book, published in 1888, by Lee and Shepard of Boston, called 'Ca Ira' that I advise you to read; it is the best thing to give a clear understanding of Danton and the Revolution that I have ever read, and my statement includes John Morley's lucid and impartial work on the period.

"'Ca Ira was written by Lawrence Gronlund, whose tremendous worth was discovered by Phoebe Hearst and verified by her son William R. when he made Gronlund chief editorial writer of the New York 'Journal' when that publication was a worth-while sheet and not a sort of a 'shopping news' as it and so many others are now.

"I have in my scrap-book an editorial of Gronlund's which I treasure highly for its sociological worth; the title is, 'The death of a rat—a drunken woman.' Poor Gronlund, he died years too soon." "What does 'Ca Ira' mean, Judge?" The Author asked.

"I believe it originated with Benjamin Franklin when he represented our country at the French Court. Whenever he was asked how our Revolution was getting along he would reply 'Ca Ira—It goes,' as will our poker game if we ever get it started. Come on boys, let us see if we can force The Author to mortgage his house."

What of It?

THE CARMELITE is five years old this week.

BY-PRODUCTS

ORRICK JOHNS

The White Powers—white, the color of old men's heads. The Red Powers—red, the color of young blood. In all wars, white spills red. The red idea is not to spill white, but to put it out of the white power to do any more spilling.

† †

People are reading the news of the vile war in Asia without the slightest feeling. It is impossible not to contrast the apathetic reception of the Japanese advance with the horror and indignation which greeted Germany's drive through Belgium. We have not grown wiser or we should realize that the greater distance makes no difference. But we have grown more disillusioned.

† †

Japan has secret treaties with somebody. The latest guessing game is whether with France or Russia. Probably with both. If the treaties are contradictory, she will—when the time comes—hold to the one most dangerous to ignore.

VALUES

The things that give me the greatest pleasure to remember, and to write about in this column, are the values that in twenty-five years I myself have seen remain unchanged. More especially the men who have remained unchanged. There are not many. During that time, great statesmen have come and gone writers have had their vogue and departed, fashions have passed from chic to ridiculous—fashions of thought as well as of clothing. For some us the most heartening spectacle of the age was Wilson idealism, for example. Then we found out the hollowness—when face to face with historic reality—of academic, doctrinaire democracy.

What are values, what is truth? Toss a proposition among a company of a dozen people. You will get a dozen different attitudes toward it. Five years later certain individuals of the same company will have changed their attitude toward the same question. Why? Their circumstances have changed. Marx has expressed it in a nutshell: "Does it require deep intuition," he says, "to comprehend that man's ideas, views and conceptions, in one word, man's consciousness, changes with every change in the conditions of his material existence, in his social relations, and in his social life?"

English society, recognizing this fact, has perfected a regular system for drawing the teeth of its successful labor politicians by making them the heroes of tea parties.

A few men, here and there, a Roger Baldwin or a Bob Minor, are engaged in the same unpopular, impossible, hopeless labors and enthusiasms that motivated their lives two decades and more ago. These men have faced reversals of opinion which seemed to sink their work into the bottomless pit. They have spent months and years in jail. They are undefeated. They are still at it. Not much more than a year ago Bob Minor came out of the Tombs and out of the prison hospital. Roger Baldwin's case of wartime confinement is famous.

Both are still at work, wherever there is industrial murder, class discrimination, police thuggery, community hatred and moralic acid from which the unprotected and the unpossessed must suffer.

In my time political parties, philosophies, businesses, banking, the arts and poetry have passed through many phases and novel expressions. Each was to be the great salvation or discovery of the age. Only two branches of human activity have steadily advanced along unchanging lines. They are Marxian science and mechanistic centralization. I would say therefore with Spengler to the young: take up technology or economics. You won't have to change your mind so often.

Another name comes up. A few days ago I saw a copy of the Moscow "News." On its editorial page was printed: Associated Editors, Anna Louise Strong and Charles Ashleigh. In 1915 Charles Ashleigh came to New Jersey from a dock strike in Liverpool. He went to Patterson where there was trouble. He picketed the Standard Oil building on lower Broadway. He went west where there was more trouble. He got into Leavenworth for conscientious objecting—I was about to use the term conscientious objectivity, which would be a more scientific and accurate name for that military crime.

I remember Bob Minor first when he was a cartoonist in St. Louis. He was the first to use the powerful lithograph stroke, and to mix with it a tough, direct kind of thinking that cartoonists were not supposed to indulge in. His master was then William James. He had been a carpenter and laborer for a living, and learned to draw by himself. He used to tell us he was one of the boys who dove off of piers for coins in Galveston harbor.

His value as circulation-getter kept him on the regular papers long after his ideas began to embarrass them. He got a paid leave from the New York "World" and went to Paris for a year. One morning he showed up in my apartment in New York with an unshaved Russian in tow. His days on the "World" were numbered. He became cartoonist of the old New York "Call."

I can't pretend to remember all the activities of Bob Minor since that time. Lincoln Steffens has told the story of his imprisonment in France, in his autobiography. I saw Bob again in St. Louis in 1919, when he lectured to a huge audience on Russia. I believe he had had a serious argument with Lenin about how to run that country. The New Economic Policy had seemed too soft to Bob, or something. But unlike some other radical visitors to Russia he remained loyal to the Soviets.

Big, bullet-headed, rather hard of hearing, he is a deceptive man to talk to. You may think you know where he stands on a subject and find out suddenly you don't. He has, or used to have, an engaging sense of humor which was very independent. That is, his idea of what was funny was always unexpected, which is invariably true of people who observe for themselves.

Why do I devote so much of this article on values to Bob Minor? Because Bob's values in a quarter of a century are more unchanged than the rocks on Carmel Point. The rocks have at least worn down a little by attrition.

WASHINGTON BI-CENTENNIAL
CARD PARTY

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MARCH 3, 1932

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Sunday Dinner
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CURTIS

Porter Emerson Browne

COMMENTS ON THE TIMES

THE LOW DOWN

The other night I dined with a Prince of Albania. He wore no skirt, he carried no sword, he had no medals. He looked like any of the rest of us. But he had behind him the knowledge and experience of the centuries.

We of America are beginning to learn. We have learned that nations that live by the sword pay no attention to the pen. We have, or should have, learned the futility of the League of Nations. We have learned, or should have learned, that money is as evanescent as all else in human life.

It was the analysis of this Albanian Prince, who discoursed with infinite wisdom, that there was one effective religion, which was that of Mohammed. This because that religion is based on principles sound in human affairs. The Christ teachings are beautiful as theories. But they are purely theories. Put to the test, they don't work. And the final test of anything is, does it, or does it not, work? The very existence of armies, navies and police forces disprove the practicability of Christ teachings right there. The Russians are right. To found a modern country on the teachings of Christ is to build a cruel edifice on the shifting uncertainty of shimmering sand.

The second analysis of my Albanian friend was that money is to disappear from the world. This it has largely done. There are in circulation in this country today but little over ten billions of dollars. Not enough for ordinary commercial purposes. And there is no human way to increase the quantity without lowering the value. Which effects nothing.

His next analysis was that the future lie in the hands of hard-bitten tyrants who can lead, and dominate, men. Some of these men. like the rulers of Japan and Russia, can control whole nations. Others can control only groups America having no cohesion, little or no grounding in actuality, popular education that is devoid of wisdom and that has inculcated false standards of living, will be unable to respond to leaderhip en masse. So that, since money has disappared and times no longer are good, America will cease to exist as a great nation. She will divide up into group. And these groups will be exceedingly small.

Having no spiritual urge, America will have no widespread patriotic movement such as rules Italy, Russia and Japan.

Having no wisdom or grounding in actuality, America will, as now, sit around drifting, worrying, propounding theories and doing nothing.

Having no national leaders, Americans will drift into the hands of local leaders. Some of these will be wise, some foolish, some fanatic. All will be incompetent since they have no training in leadership under stress.

Fifty year will find, where America now stands, a group of tiny countries, of singularly little importance in world affairs—but probably peaceful, prosperous and happy.

A great and beautiful future lies half a hundred years ahead.

But what travail to reach it!

It is obvious to even an ignorant man that, to save America as a nation, there is but one course—complete autocracy under a ruthless leader and wise.

It is an infinitesimal hope.

Meanwhile, a fleet, sixty per cent. efficient, sets sail. And over eighty per cent. of our Federal taxes go to wars, past, present and futures. And the fit reel and stagger beneath the burden of the unemployed, the bureaucrats, the unfit, the insane, the criminal, the parasitical, the incompetent.

We are trying to have our cake and eat it too.

This after having tried, and failed, to violate the laws of supply and demand, and the survival of the fittest.

Not only does America think it can dominate the world. It feels that it can violate, successfully, the laws of nature.

And there are those of us still foolish enough to want to try further, to enforce Prohibition!

Is there no limit to American folly?

REGISTER

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85 cents per yard

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SIXTH AND MISSION

Correspondence

ADDENDA

Inadvertently the signature was omitted from a letter, "My Reply to Mr. Aldrich," published last week. The writer was Yvonne K. Navas-Rey.—ED.

"TRADE AT HOME"

To the Editor of The Carmelite:

I was so pleased to see that one, at least, of the women of this town stood up for the people who have shops here. It is women, after all, who have loyalty, for the men haven't much of it, and they are quite brutal, the way they express themselves. There isn't any other town I know of, where you can drop into the stores any time when you have nothing to do and have a good talk, and learn so much about streets and protecting the native trees and all the other great movements of the times, and the conversation of the people who own the stores is so intelligent and refined and spiritual too if you know what I mean. And that is why we have such a good city government. And that is just the influence of the good women of Carmel, for this is a woman's town, more than any place else.

The men are mean about money, because things cost a little more here, and then they take their money and go off to Monterey and spend it for tobacco or worse, instead of patronizing home industries.

And there is another thing, too. If things were as cheap here as they are in other towns, all the houses would be rented and the place would be just swarming with strangers all the time, and it wouldn't be the same place at all. Let's keep Carmel for ourselves, if you know what I mean.

—PHOEBE B. BEEBE

BACK OF THE CRISIS

The following letter has been received by Orrick Johns in reference to a paragraph in his column "By-Products":

Reading your views on throwing open the warehouses and granaries to the needy (The Carmelite, February eleventh) I have this to offer:

The trouble is we did not start far enough back, say, right after the Civil War, to shorten the working hours of the worker as population increased, to establish stricter immigration laws, to hold back the government's hand which is tightening on the throat of competition, since public utilities, which is like a jockey on the horse called Government, and ought to be his ally, tries to win all the glory for himself and the reward and medals besides.

The cry used to be, "Competition is the life of trade." These days you are handed a big light or water bill and you don't go over to Jones & Co., and say you want your water and light from them next month. You pay or your necessities are cut off—yet water and light are but two of the things that go without competition.

Theatres, cabinet shops, gymnasiums and what-not are built around schools under the guise of education. Taxpayers and workers suffer. Private tutors and establishments fail. Most anything can be put over on the pretext of public welfare, morals, sanitation, with Mr. Government acting as overseer.

Then good salaries are required, competition bows lower, business groans, unemployment in augmented.

The public trough is being built bigger and bigger, and the feeders that swill out of it are pretty jealous of it, and there isn't any room in or around it for ten million unemployed.

—BEN PHILLIPS

CARMEL JOLTS

The following paragraphs are accorded the facilities of the correspondence columns in keeping with The Carmelite's policy of affording an outlet for people who feel they have something to say.—ED.

He was a seedy looking individual and had the appearance of one who had not dined regular, did not ask alms, but possessed an "inquisitive nature." Slowly approaching our haughty appearing Chief of Police, and giving a nod of welcome, he enquired if the village had a mayor.

"Yaas," was the reply from our guardian of the village's tranquillity.

"What's his name?" questioned the seedy one.

"Mr. Heron," replied the obliging officer.

"Ornithologist or pisciculturist?" asked the quesist.

The Chief went home to consult the dictionary.

* * *

What an earfull we are getting from the Committee of Seven about their fantastical terpsichorean idea of grapevine stepping the streets of Carmel.

* * *

The City Council, and its dictator, the Advisory Board, have given its "tentative" approval to contortion of the streets. In other words, and more correctly, "by way of *Experiment*." Another extravagance of money in which the instigators will be the only beneficiaries and the property owners the bagholders.

* * *

If the property owners of Carmel get put on the spot to pay for all the schemes the commission and bonus seekers try to put over, their pocketbooks will have the appearance of a pachyderm having stepped on them.

* * *

Since the report has been circulated that Carmel's streets are to be zigzagged, numerous inquiries have been received

to page eleven

human care and fine equipment COMBINE for excellent results at the . . . .

Del Monte Laundry

ROBERT SMITH, MANAGER

TELEPHONE MONTEREY 89

RECORDED MUSIC

Reviewed by T. HAROLD GRIMSHAW

The peak of the February releases is undoubtedly Victor's new Album M-120. This is Bach Cantatas No. 4 and No. 140, sung by the Orpheo Cantala of Barcelona. The first, "Christ Lay in Death's Dark Prison," and the second is "Sleepers Awake." These five discs were made at an actual performance in the Academy of Music, Barcelona, and are truly Bachian, though it strikes one a little queer to hear Bach sung in Spanish. Cantata No. 4 is really a fine setting of Luther's hymn, the stanzas given over in turn to sopranos and altos, then a chorus for tenors, then the basses and lastly an impressive chorale. Cantata No. 40 is, I think, the superior of the two from a recording point of view, and the final chorus is deeply moving as such music should be. These discs are enclosed in an album done in umber and gold with descriptive booklet having the text in English. Lent and Easterday will be richer because of this unusual release.

* * *

Friedrich Schorr again. No baritine of the present day has a finer reputation than this famous Wagnerian; and it is something of a surprise to find him recording other than Wagner arias. Schubert's "The Sea," and Schumann's "Wanderer's Song" are rendered most beautifully on Victor 7473. Schorr's style and timber lend themselves perfectly to Schubert's lovely song with its demand for warmth and tenderness. The accompaniment is piano; strings would have been better in my judgment. However, the recording is beyond criticism and both songs are exceedingly well done.

* * *

Have any of my readers heard the new Lawrence Tibbett disc? Released a month ahead of time its sale has exceeded all expectation. This is the favorite of the nation-wide radio audience —"De Glory Road." Never was there cleaner enunciation on a phonograph record. Victor 7486 will be a favorite with thousands. On the reverse side is Loewe's ballad—"Edward." Beautiful recording.

COMMUNITY CHURCH MUSICAL

An evening of Lenten and other music is being arranged by the Rev. T. Harold Grimshaw for presentation in the Carmel Community Church next Sunday evening at seven forty-five. Bach, Archangelsky, Borodin and Wagner will be represented; also other music of a lighter character. Silver offering desired.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

On February twenty-second at eleven o'clock at the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Carmel, a special service was held in commenmoration of George Washington. The subject of the Lesson-Sermon read on this occasion—and consisting as usual of citation from the Bible and "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Eddy Baker—was "Love for God and Man, the Universal Ideal." This ideal was interpreted as essential to unselfish service and true self-government, as leading to the abolition of war and the establishment of international unity, and as presaging the possibility of universal spiritual freedom. An apreciation of the spiritual qualities of George Washington was given in an address.

ARBOR DAY

With Mrs. Luther Burbank as honorary chairman of Arbor Day, California is planning a tree-planting tribute to the "plant wizard" on his birthday anniversary, March seventh.

Arbor Day activities are being sponsored by the Outdoor Christmas Tree Association of California and a plea is being sent to garden clubs, women's organizations, civic groups, and schools to participate.

CORRESPONDENCE —— *continued*

mechanics, who are anxious to locate here.

* * *

"Mayor" Bechdolt has Jap-an-ized the City Council.

* * *

The wind-break for the Eighty Acre dollars in the red.

* * *

The City Council, it is said, after reading the delinquent tax list sent for a bottle of red ink.

NOTICE OF ELECTION

for

Elementary School Trustee

Notice is hereby given to the electors of Sunset Elementary District of Monterey County, California, that the Annual Election for School Trustee for Sunset Elementary School District will be held at the Sunset Schoolhouse in said district on the last Friday in March, *viz.* March 25, 1932.

It will be necessary to elect one (1) trustee for three years.

The polls will be open between the hours of 6:00 o'clock A. M. and 7:00 o'clock P. M.

The officers appointed to conduct the election are:

Eugene C. Marble ..... Inspector
Ruth Higby ..... Judge
Elizabeth Sullivan ..... Judge

Dated February 23, 1932

Signed:
Ferdinand W. Haasis
Hester Hall Schoeninger
Clara N. Kellogg
Clerk
School Trustees
Sunset Elementary School District

All qualifed electors of the county who were registered in the precinct in which the election for school trustee is held at least 40 days before the election may vote thereat. This includes all electors of the county whose names appeared upon the great register used at the next preceding general election and who are resident in the same precinct at the time the election for school trustee is held.

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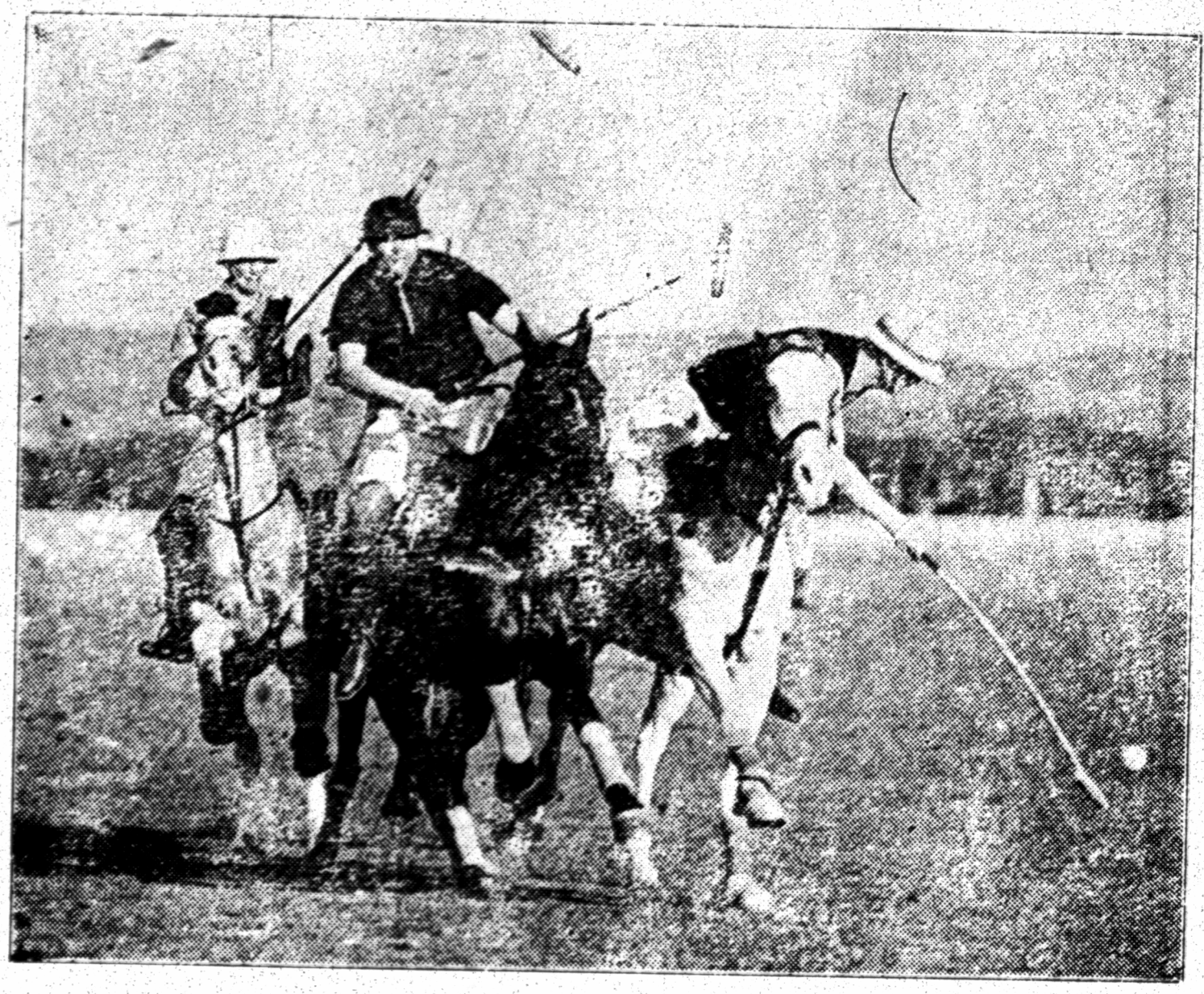
DEL MONTE POLO SEASON OPENS SUNDAY

In this remarkable action shot Captain Henry Forester, Castro Valley polo team mainstay, is scoring a goal while his team mate Mike Elizalde, left, attempts to ride off Dana Fuller, Del Monte player, who is the central figure. None of the ponies in this picture have more than two feet on the ground.

* * *

The Pacific Coast Open Polo Championship starts at Del Monte on Sunday, February twenty-eighth, and continues to March twelfth. Among the teams which will gather for the championship are Midwick, the fast Hurricanes, Cypress Point, Castro Valley, Del Monte Rangers and Santa Barbara. Games are scheduled at two-thirty on Saturdays, Sundays and during the week.



TELEPHONE COMPANY "AT HOME"

Carmel will have an opportunity next week to become better acquainted with the men and women of the telephone company, to familiarize themselves with the intricate equipment which serves them, and to see some of the latest developments of telephony.

Open House will be held at the telephone office, Dolores and Seventh, daily from one o'clock to nine in the evening, Tuesday to Thursday inclusive.

Among the new developments to be displayed will be a teletypewriter. Visitors will be able to see their own words typed on this machine and reproduced simultaneously on a similar machine some distance away. Messages typed at the central office will also be simultaneously reproduced by a third machine to be displayed in a shop window on Ocean Avenue. Teletypewriters send and receive typewritten messages at the rate of sixty words a minute.

R. P. Sexton, Peninsula manager, has arranged the Open House in the thought that personal inspection of the central office will enable patrons to gain a new conception of telephone service. In addition to personally conducted tours through the operating and equipment rooms, employees will explain the purpose in operation of the various equipment which will be on display in the building.

The Carmel central office is open to visitors on business days throughout the year. Open House, however, will offer an exceptional opportunity to gain first hand knowledge of all phases of telephone operation, as representatives of all departments will be present to explain details and to answer questions.

P.-T. A. CONVENTION

The County Council of Parent-Teacher Associations will meet on Tuesday, March first, at the Monterey Union High School. The meeting will convene promptly at ten-thirty in the library of the school. A short musical program and a speaker are scheduled for the afternoon.

All members of Parent-Teacher Associations are invited to attend this federation. Luncheon will be at twelve each member bringing basket lunch.

"For Those Who Care"

Del Monte Cat and Dog Hospital

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